

Children's Treasury.

LITTLE LUCY,

AND THE SONG SHE SANG.

I.

A little child, six summers old,
So thoughtful and so fair,
There seemed about her pleasant ways
A more than childish air,
Was sitting on a summer eve
Beneath a spreading tree,
Intent upon an ancient book,
Which lay upon her knee.

She turned each page with careful hand,
And strained her sight to see,
Until the drowsy shadows slept
Upon the grassy lea;
Then closed the book, and upward looked,
And straight began to sing
A simple verse of hopeful love—
This very childish thing:
"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story,
And then through grace to see His face,
And live with Him in glory!"

II.

That little child, one dreary night
Of winter-wind and storm,
Was tossing on a weary couch
Her weak and wasted form;
And in her pain, and in its pause,
But clasped her hands in prayer—
(Strange that we had no thoughts of heaven
While hers were only there—)

Until she said, "O, mother dear,
How sad you seem to be!
Have you forgotten that He said,
'Let children come to me?'
Dear mother, bring the blessed Book,
Come, mother, let us sing."
And then again, with faltering tongue,
She sang that childish thing.
"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story,
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with Him in glory!"

III.

Underneath a spreading tree,
A narrow mound is seen,
Which first was covered by the snow,
Then blossomed into green;
Here first I heard the childish voice,
That sings on earth no more;
In heaven it hath a richer tone,
And sweeter than before:
For those who know His love below—
So runs the wondrous story—
In heaven, through grace, shall see His face
And dwell with Him in glory!

THE GOOD RED HAND.

While residing in Ireland, Charlotte Elizabeth was brought to the knowledge of Christ; and as His love was shed abroad in her heart abundantly, she sought the salvation of others. The deplorable condition of some poor street children excited her sympathies, and set her to work. Among those she endeavoured to instruct was "Poor Jack," a dumb boy of some eight or ten years of age; a puny little fellow of heavy aspect, and wholly destitute of the life and animation that generally characterize the class who are obliged to use looks and gestures as a substitute for words. Here was a difficult case; but the more insurmountable the obstacle appeared to be, the more earnestly did Christian love give itself to its noble work.

By a sudden brush, the boy's mind broke its prison, and looked around on every object as though never before beheld. All seemed to appear in so new a light to him; curiosity, in which he had been very strangely deficient, became an eagerly active principle, and nothing that was portable did he fail to bring to his teacher, with an inquiring shake of the head, and the word "What?" spelled on the fingers. By a gradual and interesting process he was led into the recognition of a supreme Being, and into the reception of the gospel. As his mental faculties developed, he became animated and happy, and would come to his teacher each morning with a budget of new thoughts. Some of these were expressed in a way at once original and beautiful: such as the idea of the lightning, that it was produced by a sudden opening and shutting of God's eye; and the rainbow, that it was the reflection of God's smile.

The most remarkable of these conceptions was, perhaps, the following: He said that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud